

The axletree of purest jet!
ijBer seemly Nose₅ the rest which
graced,

For CUPID'S Trophy w^s upreared!
Th⁷ imperial Thrones, where LOVE
was placed

'When, of the world, he would be
feared, Where CUPID, with sweet
VENUS sate

Her cheeks with rose and lilies
decked, N ature upon the coach
did wait,

And all in order did direct,
Her Cheeks to damask roses
sweet,

In scent and colour were so
like ; That honey bees in swarms
would meet

To suck; and, sometimes, She
would strike With dainty plume, the
bees to fear !

And being beaten, they would
sting! They found such heavenly
honey there;

CUPID* which there sate
triumphing, When he perceived
the bee did sting her

Would swell for grief, and curse
that bee, More than the bee that
stinged his linger !

Yet still about her they would
flee I Then LOVE to VENUS would
complain

Of Nature, which his chariot
drest! Nature would it excuse
again,

Saying, " She then shewed her
skill best1" When she drank wine,
upon her face,

BACCHUS would dance! and spring
to kiss ! And shadow, with a
blushing grace,

Her cheeks, where lovers build
their bliss : Who, when she drank,
would blush for shame

That wanton BACCHUS she
should use ; Who, VENUS'
brother, might defame

Her, that should such
acquaintance choose! What gloss
the scarlet curtains cast

On a bedstead of ivory.
Such like, but such as much
surpasst